ELIZA SCOTT ROSS,

WHO DIED AT HUNTLEY, ABERDEENSHIRE, AUGUST 19TH, 1846, AGED EIGHT YEARS, AND TWO MONTHS.

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PREFACE.

To the children of my own congregation I was delivering a course of familiar lectures on the Scripture narrative of the history of Joseph, when the honored parent of ELIZA ROSS, bearing the memoranda of his much-loved child, became one of my regular hearers. To this circumstance, under Providence, I owe the privilege of preparing these papers.

Having trained a family of my own, and often spoken to the children of others, it was supposed that I could present the facts in a natural order, and in such language as might engage the attention of a child.

The papers in my possession attest the truth of all, and more than all, that is here stated; and if the statements do not, by internal evi-

dence, sustain themselves, I have much mistaken them.

Believing that this book presents an illustration of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to a very young disciple, and in the hope that it may feed the lambs of the Redeemer's flock, I respectfully ask of the guardians of the young their kind permission to speak, through these letters, to the little people whom they love,

And am,

In the bonds of the Gospel,

Their fellow-laborer,

THOMAS MANN.

ELIZA SCOTT ROSS.

LETTER I.

"To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer."

DEAR CHILDREN,

David, whom God Almighty had "taught from his youth," said, "O Lord our Lord, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

The Lord Jesus Christ, after upbraiding the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they did not repent, said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

This little book will show that God is yet very merciful to children when they seek Him with all their hearts. May it help you to look to Him who said, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me."

Eliza Scott Ross, about whom I am going to tell you, is dead. So it will not do harm to speak or write about her. If she were living, we should be afraid, because the Scripture saith, "As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise." Kind people, who would not like to put even *a man* into the fining pot, or into the furnace, would, of course, be very sorry to put a dear little child into the one or the other.

When this little girl died she was only about eight years old, which you will do well to observe; for the thought that one so young *is dead* may do you good. It hints what may happen *to yourselves;* and to every reader it says, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

People say that Eliza Ross was pretty and sensible, that she could talk about flowers and books, and about a great many other pleasing

things; but if she had not learned TO DIE, all her beauty would be lost now, and all her learning too. It is because she knew HOW TO DIE that it is thought good to tell you about her. It is in this way, that "she, being dead, yet speaketh."

Some of you may not know how a little child can speak when she is dead; and I will tell you about that by and by; but you will also ask who Eliza Scott Ross *was?* and that shall be told you first.

Eliza was not born in the British Isles, but a great, very great, way off, quite over the wide sea. If you were to go to the birth-place of this little girl, and to go all the way by sea, which was common till very lately, you must travel many thousand miles. You would have to sail by parts of Britain and France, and Spain, and Portugal, in *Europe;* you would have to pass Morocco, Cape Verd, and a part of the coast of Guinea, in *Africa*, till you sailed *right under the sun;* and then onward till your shadow, which now always falls to the north at noon, would fall on the south side of you at the same time of day. You

would have to pass unknown lands, till on your left you would have the Caffres, the Namacquas, the Griquas, and the Hottentots. Then you must go round the Cape of Good Hope, and by Madagascar, and perhaps under the sun again, till you reached Hindoostan or India; and during this long voyage, you must often be quite out of sight of the land and islands you were passing.

In doing all this, you would leave first *North America*, then *South America*, and afterwards the South Sea Islands, far distant on your right. You would sail over part of the British Channel, and the Western Ocean, and the Southern Ocean, and the Indian Ocean, and at last land in *Asia*.

India, or Hindoostan, is a region of Asia which includes a great many countries; and Madras is the chief city among the possessions of the British in the *south* of this vast region. It was at this *Madras*, in India, that little Eliza was born, on the 20th of June, 1838.

The British are rulers at Madras; but there are also many other people, perhaps some hundred thousands, whose great-great-

great grandfathers and grandmothers were there before the English took possession of India; and most of these people are heathens. They worship false gods, falling down before idols, and praying to images of wood, stone, brass, clay, and ivory. Besides, there are Mussulmans, or followers of Mahomet, the false prophet.

Eliza was, however, the child of Christian parents. Her father and mother had heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, and believed it. They loved the Bible; and from the birth of their babe they prayed that God Almighty would take care of it and bless it. They hoped to see it happy in this world; but they also wished to prepare it for a more happy and beautiful country than India, or England, or Scotland, or any other place on "the earth below." They wished to prepare it for heaven.

The parents loved their baby very much. They did not think they loved it as they loved their Saviour; but it was their only child, and they loved it very much indeed.

Eliza had, however, a greater blessing than

even the love of father and mother. I think you will say so when you have read through this little book. I *do* think you will, if you love the Lord Jesus Christ. The greater blessing to which I refer was the pity and love of GOD, to whom her parents prayed that he would bless and save their dear babe.

But, while both the parents were praying for their infant child, its tender mother was taken very ill, very ill indeed. She became more and more so; and after lingering in consumption for a few months, she died, and was buried,—leaving her baby in a heathen land, while yet it was only about fourteen months, or sixty-two weeks old.

Eliza's father now became very sad, in part because of his own loss, and in part on account of the helpless condition of his little girl. He had loved her so much as to think that the care of both parents was scarcely enough, and therefore was much grieved to be left, as if he were her father and her mother too. The affliction was greater, because India is a sickly land for white children, and because the Hindoos, who are almost the only ser-

vants, are nearly all of them heathens, and he feared that his child would learn their habits, from the hour when it could observe and imitate what was passing around.

So, very soon he took the little babe, and went on board a ship, to sail for the shores of happy Britain, bringing with him a Hindoo man-servant as nurse to the child. The Hindoo was a browny-black, or tawny colored person. We ought to love people of color; for "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" but perhaps you will think that a black man was a strange nurse for a little white baby.

The father meant to bring this black servant all the way to England, but the poor man, who had not been used to the sea, was often ill on board the ship; and so, when they had sailed about seven thousand and five hundred miles, and reached the Cape of Good Hope (look at your map,) Eliza's colored nurse was sent back to India in another ship. It is very likely he was glad enough to go; for most people like to see their own country again,

especially when they have been sick upon the seas.

Then Eliza's papa hired a soldier who was on board the ship to help him to take care of the baby for the other seven thousand and five hundred miles; that is, till they should reach the British Isles. The soldier had been ill in India, and if a war had then broken out, he would not have been well enough to fight people; and so he was coming home.

The whole voyage by sea was about fifteen thousand miles; about thirty times as far as from London to Edinburgh; and all the way the little girl was tended by her dear father, or by the black man, or by the soldier. Perhaps you will think that the Hindoo servant was better employed while nursing a baby on the sea, then if he had been worshiping an idol in India. Perhaps, also, you will suppose that the soldier had better work while washing and tending a little motherless child, then if he had been killing a hundred people in a fight.

After about ninety day's sailing, they all reached Plymouth, in England, on the 26th of April, 1840. Little Eliza was in good health,

and after the cares of the voyage, was more dear to her father than she had ever been before. The ship was to sail for London; but fathers cannot nurse a baby so well as mothers; and Mr. Ross was glad to come on shore, where he could obtain better help and more comfort for his little girl. How nice it must have seemed when he first saw his little Eliza in an Englishwoman's arms!

All was not, however, quite right yet. The father had left in Scotland a beloved sister, whose early regards for himself he so well remembered as to wish that *to her* should be intrusted the care and the culture of his little charge—the charge which a dying saint had committed to his discretion, and tenderness, and love.

So this little child was borne onward for another seven hundred miles, traveling by coach, by rail, and by ship again, till she arrived in Scotland, where she afterwards died, as I shall tell you by and by.

Eliza, like many other motherless children, found in an aunt the nearest and the best friend who could be employed in the training

of her early years. That aunt looked on the child with a most tender love; the child learned to regard *her* with the fondness of an infant for its own mother; and the Holy Spirit blessed their mutual love as one important means of preparing the little girl for early removal to His own holy heaven.

The child was, of course, too young to understand these changing scenes; and as she afterwards died while yet but a little girl, perhaps she *never*, while on earth, *knew* the whole of the care which the good God had taken of her most tender years. She knew, however, in the end, of what was even better; and of that I shall tell you after a little while.

LETTER II.

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold—
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold."

DEAR CHILDREN,

Adam never was a baby. The Lord God made him a man from the very first hour

when "the breath of life" was "breathed into his nostrils."

If he had been created an infant, he would not have been kept alive without an angel or some other nurse. If food had been placed before him, he would not even have known so much as how to eat it; for a baby cannot, at first, help itself to its own food. Somebody must have taken care of *you* when you were a babe, or you would not be alive now; you should find out who that somebody *was*, and love her very much.

If Adam had been made a babe at the first, and had even been kept alive, unless taught by an angel or by God Almighty, he would have grown up as ignorant as a "wild man of the woods." He would not have known how to speak, or think, or act aright. There never was a child, except Jesus Christ, who could have learned to think, or speak, or act, without some one to teach it; and when a babe is more than twelve months old, it depends as much upon its teacher as it did upon its nurse at the first.

I have told you that the mother went to

heaven while the baby was very young; but that God Almighty, who had taken the mother, had left to the little one a kind father, and provided for her a nurse, a guide, and a teacher, in her aunt.

So, after a little while, Eliza had learned to walk and to speak a few words. Then she learned her letters, and "a-b, ab," and "b-a, ba," and all that. Soon she could spell words, and read books, and learn lessons, and do many other good things.

They say she was very clever; and that she could read magazines, tell the names of flowers, and write and read small-text hand, when she was only four years old.

But if this had been all, I would not write to you about her. I should be afraid that her little learning might have done her almost as much harm as good; for what is the use of a child learning more than others, if it only become a more clever little sinner?

But learning is a fine thing when it is not the best thing a child has; and so it is nice to tell that Eliza used to *set herself* tasks; that she was ever trying to improve her mind, and

that, *besides* her school lessons, she often read as much as six hours in the day.

At school, she worked hard, indeed almost *too* hard; for her wish to excel there made her father afraid she would injure her health; and therefore, sometimes, he would not let her go, which was a great grief to his child. Some children do not love learning enough; but Eliza seems to have loved it a little too much.

For one kind of learning, it is, however, not easy to have "too much" love. Dear children, you need not fear that you can learn too much about the works, and ways, and word of God. Do give much of your time and your thoughts to them.

Eliza loved *religious* reading. She used indeed to look with anxiety for the weekly arrival of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," and often to *con* the dictionary, and some other books; but she *loved* books about God and salvation. Her attention in this way was not only given to tracts and little memoirs, but especially to such books as "Todd's Lectures," "William's Missionary Enterprises," and the like. These she read right through,

never beginning a new book till she had regularly read the one in hand; for she did not like to do things by halves, or quarters, or bits, or fits, or starts.

But, above all, Eliza loved her BIBLE. From first to last, it was her *favorite* study.

She was but a child, and had some methods of showing her love to the Bible, which all grown persons would not, perhaps, approve. Yet it *was* very pretty to see her *kiss* that holy book before she began to read it. It is not known that she had ever heard of any one else doing so; but she would joyously (not playfully) kiss the Bible when she arose in the morning, and then sit down and read it for an hour or more, and then kiss it again, and put it carefully away.

If, by any accident, the Bible fell upon the floor, she seemed to feel a kind of holy horror, thinking that its great Author had been insulted by the carelessness of a sinner about his holy written word.

The child had also much love for the other works of the Almighty God. Had she been older when she left India, she would perhaps

have known much about the works of God there; and she would have learned much about the wonders of the great deeps, the seas over which she passed in coming to Britain. She *did* learn her geography, and therefore knew something about those parts of the world where she had lived and traveled while she was such a very little thing.

If you ask me how I know she would have learned about these things had she been a little older while *abroad*, my answer is, that Eliza tried to learn what she could when she was *at home* in Scotland. What is the good of saying we should like to see *this* and *that*, a thousand miles off, when we will not observe what God Almighty has put in the fields and hedges of our country, or perhaps even into our own father's garden?

Eliza marked and learned the names and characters of many of the flowers which grow in Scotland. Her father was so kind as to give her a little spade, and some other plaything sort of tools; and so she used to work with him in the garden, and get health, and knowledge, and pleasure—all three at once.

It was not, however, only *the garden* that little Eliza liked to keep *in order*. She wished to see other things in order, too—for instance, *her books*. Her kind papa had given her a little book-case, and in that she kept her increasing stores of tracts and magazines. These she would arrange from time to time, and at the proper season would ask her father to have them bound, so that they might stand upright on the shelves with her other volumes. She was not like those little folks who leave their books here, there, and everywhere, and when they are required can find them nowhere. If you ask me, Am I giving *you* a *hint?* I answer, "Yes."

There was another point of *order* for which this little girl was very prone to make an effort; and this she would contend for even to her dying day. I mean that she wished that the thinkings and the doings of *her mind* should be orderly. It is all very well to keep gardens, and books, and clothes, and rooms, in a compact, neat, and regular style; but the condition and the workings of the *mind* are more important still. She *set her-*

self certain rules for the employment of her time, and every hour of the day was to be devoted to some appointed exercise. If, in this respect, she sometimes went a little too far, and was more disturbed than she ought to have been when her arrangements were defeated, she erred a little on one side of a rule where thousands, both of children and adults, are quite as wrong on the other. In her course of reading she had a *plan*, and followed it; but the best point of her order was that she took especial care to read the Holy Scriptures and to pray in the morning and in the evening of every day.

Nor did she consider private prayer a substitute for other devotional duties. Once, from some uncommon occurrence, the order of the family had been disturbed, and her hour for school arrived before family prayer could be offered. She loved the school so much that her friends could not at first think what was the matter when she stood crying and sobbing as if she were going to be punished, and wished to be kept at home. The secret, however, came out. She could not comfortably go to

school till after family prayer; and it was not till her aunt had taken her into a private room and prayed with her, that her mind appeared to be relieved. Then she trotted off to school with a light step and a lighter heart.

Sometimes, it is a bad thing for children to have money. Many a child has been ruined by the foolish habit of supplying it with more than it well knew how to employ. Some have been made ill, and some have even died as a result of having "plenty of silver" without having the wisdom to know *how* to spend it. The eating of unripe fruits and other trash, has injured the bodies of many; and some have been enticed into vices, *because* they had money, who would have escaped those woes if their friends had been more discreet. But, it was *safe* to intrust this little girl with something to put in her pocket. She, for the most part, expended it on the purchase of books, or gave it to the poor; and, in this latter case, she would give the preference to *Christ's poor*. She was especially fond of reading the Scriptures and repeating hymns to an aged woman in the neighborhood who

had long loved the Bible, but who, having lost her eyesight, was no longer able to read the precious volume for herself.

You will want to know if Eliza never *played*. I answer—to be sure she did! This book is not meant to teach you to be little mopes! Childhood, though it should not all be spent in play, is yet a time in which *some* is good. God Almighty teaches the little lambs to jump about, however grave and steady the older sheep appear; and little Eliza could jump about too.

Sinful play is always bad; and *too much* play is not good. Eliza's father says that none could laugh louder, or jump more merrily than his little girl; but then, she was not *always* at play. She soon had enough of it, and wanted to be doing or learning something better.

Perhaps you think I am going to tell you that this little girl never had a fault! Indeed, I am not going to be so wicked.

All children—yes, and grown people too—have some faults, and faults which they should try to amend. "If we say that we

have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Dull children have *their kind* of faults; and clever children have *theirs*. Sometimes, the clever ones sin more than the others. I do not say that Eliza had all the worst faults of some clever children; but she had *one* which such little ones ought always to watch against. She had a quick mind; but she had a quick temper too, and her friends were very sorry for it. So they talked to her, and prayed for her, and trained her in the right way, that she might not be so hasty.

It was well that she did *try* to be more patient. It would have been well that she had done so, even had she been appointed to live; for hasty people give themselves and others a great deal of trouble for which both have reason to be very sorry; and, besides, they sin against God. Of course, it was well that she tried to be patient, considering that though she did not know it, she was so soon to die and go to judgment.

I say, it was well that she did *try* to be more patient; and, after a little while, she

found it more easy to conquer her fault, than she had at first thought it would be. In such a case it is good to

"Try, try, try again!"

The only other thing which I shall tell you now, is, that this dear child always loved the *truth*. It is hoped and believed that she never, intentionally, told one story.

But this has become a rather long letter; and so, for the present, I will only say to you what the Rev. Thomas Binney, of London, said to the school boys at Mill Hill, "Don't go within a mile of a lie."

LETTER III.

"Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Then I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death."

DEAR CHILDREN,

No one remembers the exact time of his own birth; and many, who have been "born again," cannot mention the hour when that blessed change began in their minds.

Eliza's friends thought her a child of God at the early age of four years. Some of them went so far as to think she had been sanctified by God "from her mother's womb," and "called by his grace" from the earliest possible age. The dear girl did not herself think she had become a true child of God till about four months before she died. Perhaps only GOD could tell the precise moment when his goodness first made her "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

But, as people may be alive in the body, who cannot tell when they were born, so may they also have the spiritual life without being able to remember when they first lived for good and holy purposes.

It certainly was hoped, that from the age of four years, Eliza had, in her heart, "some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel." From that time she loved the Bible, and prayer, and the Sabbath day.

The love of the Lord's day especially "grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." On the Saturday night she would gather up her dolls and toys, and

lay them all aside. She was not *told* to do so, but did it of herself.

Sometimes she would take much care to hide the toys away in secret places; and when asked about them would say, "I am afraid to *see* them on the Sabbath day, for it would make me laugh and play. That would be wrong, and would displease God." When she was but a baby, she told a servant that it "*hurt*" her "even to *look* at such things on the Sabbath."

Often on the Sabbath day this little girl arose by six o'clock in the morning, saying as her first words, "Oh! what a happy day this will be!" It would seem as if she had learned from Dr. Watts' verses,

> "This is the day when Christ arose
> So early from the dead;
> Why should I keep my eye-lids closed,
> And waste my hours in bed?"

Throughout the day she could take pleasure in nothing else but reading the Word of God, or praying, or public worship. Sometimes, though very modestly, she would reprove the servants or others, if they did not "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

In public worship, this little girl used to sit very still—only she did not go to chapel *to sleep*,—she could have done that better on her bed at home. Her *eyes* were fixed on the minister, and her *ears* were open too; she was always careful to remember the text, and could tell something about the sermon also. She used to mark the text in a little book as soon as she returned home; and when she became so ill that she could not go to the house of God, she would still, with a trembling hand, write down the text, which had been preached from, in the church where she had loved to worship.—At this later period, when oppressed with cough and fever, she would often surprise her friends, on their return from church, by inquiries about the text, and however ill she might be, would, at *some time* before the close of the day, insert it in her little book. But I am beginning too soon to tell you about Eliza's time of sickness; let us return again to what she said and did when in health; for she would not have died so well, if she had not learned to serve the Lord before.

One of her employments in the hours not

devoted to the public services, was the collecting of parallel passages, or texts of Scripture teaching the same truths, on some grand doctrine of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Eliza liked to read the "comfortable words" of the book of God; but she could sometimes find comfort in parts of the Bible where all others do not see it. Once, when she had been reading a solemn chapter in the Old Testament, she said, "This is an awful chapter; but I see much of the love of God in it!"

On being asked to explain her meaning, she replied, "Sinners are told to repent. Is not *that* a proof of the love of God?"

All the nice sayings of this little girl are not recorded here, for many of them were not written down at the time; and it is better that we should say too little than too much. Eliza loved the truth, and only the truth; and she was afraid of thinking too favorably of herself. It would be wrong, if, now that she is dead, we were to say any thing but truth about her. In such a case the God of Truth would be angry; and if the little one,

in the holy heaven, knows what we are doing, she would be sorry for our fault.

But, she did try to "bring forth fruit unto God." Even *she* hoped it might be as "in some thirty-fold:" her friends thought it to be "sixty or a hundred." Whether the child or her friends were nearest to the truth, the great God has now probably enabled her to know; and the day will declare it, so that all may know. For, whatsoever good thing any one doeth, he shall receive of the Lord. Yea, God will bring every secret thing into judgment; and every one shall receive according to his work, whether it be good or evil.

JESUS CHRIST said, "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation."

Little children; read you and think, and pray about these things. We will tell you more of Eliza hereafter.

LETTER IV.

"O 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
What a strange moment must that be!"

DEAR CHILDREN,

It is appointed unto all of us once TO DIE; but death is not the less awful because every one must meet it. Even in itself, death is solemn; but it is the more so because of what is to *follow*. We speak of death as the end; and if it were even the "last end," the thought of it were enough to appal even a very firm mind; but death, although it be the end of our existence *here*, is *not* the *last* end of man. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and AFTER DEATH the judgment!"

In the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, you can read "the words of the Lord Jesus" about the day of judgment. They are weighty indeed, and every one should lay them to heart.

From the words of the Lord Jesus, it may be known that the works for which some will

be condemned, and also the works after which others will be saved, are works which have shown the state of the heart towards Jesus and his people.

If Eliza Ross believed in, and served, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ, she was prepared TO DIE, *because* she was prepared for the judgment.

"If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
Death has no sting beside."

The Word of God says—and it is as applicable to a child as to a grown person—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Eliza seemed to be in good health till she was more than seven years old. Until within a few months of the day on which she was taken from the world, she was perhaps as sprightly, as joyous, and as healthful as many readers of this little book.

Even when she became occasionally conscious of disease, there were hours in which she appeared more charming then before.

The sparkle of her eye was more vivid, and the blush on her cheek was, at times, more beautiful than in the days of her perfect health; but these are not unfrequent attendants of consumption and approaching death.

The leaves in autumn are more gaudy than they were in spring or summer; but it is *decay* which is then doing its melancholy work. The foliage *is* beautiful, but it is beautiful *because* it is *dying;* and we who have observed it, however we be charmed with the "autumnal tints," are obliged to remember that it is "*death* in beauty's arms we see."

It would not be a bad thing for those who are "proud of their youth and their beauty" to learn a lesson from the dying leaves. People do not die the sooner because they prepare for death; and therefore no harm could result from making *a more thorough preparation* TO DIE as soon as ever "the flattering tell-tale glass" seems to say, "There, *now!* you look prettier then ever." In a land where consumption kills so large a proportion of the young, it is worth while to remember that,

"E'en the eyes of living light,
And the hectic flushes bright,
Fondly deem'd surpassing fair,
Are but CHARMS which DEATH can wear."

The first person who informed Eliza Ross that she was likely soon to die, was her friend Mr. M——. Oh! how solemn it must be to be told that one is soon and certainly TO DIE!

Mr. M. had not seen the child for some time, and therefore the change was more striking to him than to her father and aunt, who were almost ever with her. So Mr. M. talked to Eliza as to one who was TO DIE. He did not like to do so, but he felt it was *right;* for he thought she ought not to be kept in ignorance of her very serious condition.

The little sufferer when first informed that she was drawing nigh to the grave, did not speak again for some time; but she *thought* a great deal, and when afterwards some friends called, she wished not to see them, saying, "I wish only to see such persons as Mr. M. who tells me I am dying."

Her aunt said, "Are you happy, dear, to hear such tidings?"

She answered, "Yes! indeed happy! very

happy!" Then she began to speak about her state as she had never spoken before; and poured forth a flood of holy feelings which quite surprised her aunt.

That aunt had long hoped there was "some good thing" in the heart of Eliza, but she did not expect so much. The artless, earnest, humble, truthful tale of the little dying child, affected and comforted her very much indeed.

Referring to *prayer*, Eliza said, "I tell God all my heart, and don't care so much in what words I speak; for I can be more free with HIM than with you, dearest mamma." Mamma was the name by which the child had now learned to call her kind aunt.

All that evening, though she had heard such solemn tidings, Eliza was filled with "the peace of God, which passeth understanding." Yes, she had "joy unspeakable and full of glory." She talked, and prayed, and praised God, till her aunt could no longer bear the overwhelming effects of her remarks, and begged her to desist.

"Well!" said the death-struck but sustained little girl, "let me tell you this one thing, and

I *will* be silent. I am willing to die before tomorrow, if it please God."

So, dear children, you have read the first part of the history of the dying hours of little Eliza Ross. May God Almighty help you to learn the holy art of living and dying, that whether you live, you may live unto the Lord, or whether you die, you may die unto the Lord; that, living or dying, *you* may be the Lord's.

LETTER V.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die."

DEAR CHILDREN,

When Mr. Ross came home from prayer-meeting on the night of which I have been telling you, he was not quite prepared for the mercy and the affliction he was about to meet. He was to be told how the gracious God had blessed his child, but then he was also to learn that his dear Eliza must die.

Next day he talked with the physician, who at once admitted the truth. The child had the same disease of which her mother had died, and there was no doubt but she was following that mother—only to a much earlier grave in Scotland than her parent had found in India. Mr. Ross might himself have expected this before; but people often will not believe the worst when that worst seems to include an amount of affliction greater than they well know how to bear. But Mr. R. still lives, and so does Eliza's aunt; and therefore I must not tell you much about what either of them felt or said.

When Eliza first saw her father in his deep affliction, and knew that it was all occasioned by his feelings about herself, she did not speak; but she took her little *Bible*, and turning down, or up, a number of passages of Scripture, she *handed the book* to him. *That* was the way in which this dear child tried to comfort him who loved her so much; and a very nice way it was—the very best that could have been tried by the wisest minister of Christ in this land. It makes one think of a holy man who

said, "Often have I been to comfort the sick and dying; but they have comforted me."

After this Eliza was put to bed, and seemed to fall asleep. Then her father told what the doctor said, and all were very sad: but when her father left the room, the child opened her eyes, and looked full at her aunt.

Her face was burning with fever, as she said, "Dear mamma, don't be angry! I heard every word you said about my sickness! that I should die of it. I thought I was not afraid, but willing to die! I was very sorry for *you* all!"

Then, pausing, she added, "Pray to God! and he will give you counsel, and comfort you! but *I should have known* my case sooner!"

Miss Ross replied, "They had not long thought her in danger; and even now, they were not willing to feel quite sure—at all events there was no sign of immediate death."

Eliza said, "Oh! if I were sure I had *the new* heart! I would be so glad to die, and to be with Jesus. It is long since I had any wish to live, unless to the glory of God, and to do some good to the souls of poor sinners."

Her kind aunt, hoping to comfort her, spake

of some words and works which seemed to prove that "the new heart" had been already given,—adding, "And do you not feel that you love the Lord Jesus?" To which Eliza replied, "I do indeed feel that I love the Lord Jesus."

"Then, who taught you to love Him?" inquired Miss R.

"Himself!" said the little sufferer, "for He first loved me."

Afterwards she listened with eager attention to her aunt's discourse; and at length with modest firmness said, "Well, then, I hope I have it"—meaning "the new heart."

Eliza lived about three months longer; but as this was only the second day on which she felt that she was certainly *soon* to die, I have said a little more in reference to it than it would be well to say of every other day—for I do not wish to write a large book.

It may be enough to mention here, that from this period her mind became delightfully calm—only she was anxious to know how she could best employ the appointed time, through which Almighty God might permit

her yet to live. Her prayer seemed to be, "So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

She was, indeed, much spent by the long discourse with her aunt; but she sweetly added, "Oh! how glad I am to know your opinion of my case; for though my body is very weak, my mind is in perfect peace." This peace she retained till the last moment of her life.

On the day after the foregoing conversation, the sufferings of the child were great. She was sick and faint, had much fever, and coughed distressingly; but she became rather better in the evening, and when a friend called she enjoyed his prayer very much. It seemed as if "he had power with God, and prevailed;" and Eliza was strengthened with strength in the soul. She remembered that prayer with holy delight. Oh! it is good to have friends who can plead with God on our behalf; and it is good to feel the value of their prayers; but it is best of all to know and feel that JESUS ever lives, and pleads, and prays to God on our behalf. When He carries the lambs in

his bosom, and asks that their faith may not utterly fail,

> "The feeblest saint shall win the day,
> Though death and hell obstruct the way."

But, dear children! I will not weary you with long chapters. For the present, let me tell one of those favorite passages of the Holy Scriptures on which Eliza loved much to think, and which was often a comfort in her dying days. It was that beautiful text in Matthew 11: 28, where Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and the child said, "I know that I have come, for I have found the rest."

Go *you* to Jesus too, dear children; and then we may add what this little girl often said to her aunt, "Just do all the good you can, and that will make you happy. The time will soon come when you, too, will get to heaven."

LETTER VI.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

DEAR CHILDREN,

Eliza was ill, but her friends were kind. Writing to a sister in America, her aunt observes:—"Not a day passed without bringing most manifest tokens of the care and compassion of God for the dear infant. Either a Christian friend would call to see her, or some little book was brought or sent which cheered and comforted her soul. In all this she traced the good hand of God, which, of itself, made her happy."

It often happened, however, that the kind friends who went to comfort the child and her relatives, obtained a blessing for their own souls.

Some of those friends were children—the former companions of the little girl—and they, it was hoped, became the better for what they saw of God and godliness in her.

But other friends, who loved to talk with

the dying infant, were *not* children in age or in understanding, but men and women who feared God, and who "for the words which she spake" have sorrowed much that they will see her face no more. Some of them were not only persons of thought and piety, but also of eminence in the church—men of God, who have been called to the high places of the field in fighting the battles of the Lord; but, like their Great Master, they did not disdain an infant's thoughts, or feelings, or prayers, or conversations.

My hope is, that the following letters will convince you *and your parents*, that I have not been telling stories. If in what I have written or may write—or in the letters now to be introduced—you should find some words which you do not understand, ask some one to explain them to you, or look at your Dictionary, *as Eliza would have done.* That little girl could never have talked as she did upon her dying bed, if she had not tried to learn the meaning of *words* before.

The Rev. Dr. LEGGE, of China, writing. lately, to her papa, observes :—

"It would require a large space were I to do any thing like justice to my conceptions of your dear child. There were three attributes of her character which strikingly impressed my mind—the beauty, the activity, and the power of her religion.

"There was its *beauty*. Her disposition, I should think, must naturally have been amiable. Had she been spared to grow up, even though she had remained a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus, she would have been a favorite with all; but the natural attractiveness of her character received from her religion an ethereal, a heavenly charm. To know her was not only to love, but also to admire her.

"There was, also, its *activity*. Illness might have been expected to make her selfish; but, on the contrary, I do not think I ever knew an individual more anxious to do good, and promote the kingdom of the Redeemer. A painful thought was sometimes forced upon the mind, that her intellect was precociously active; but how religious, for the most part, the direction which her reading took, and how did all the information she acquired about the

cause of Christ only seem to make her the more anxious, young and an invalid as she was, to approve herself as a co-worker in it! I often think of all the plans of usefulness which she loved to form, and many of them not only to form, but to carry into practice.

"Lastly, there was the *power* of her religion. Her mind was kept by it in perfect peace. Doubts and apprehensions durst not intrude into her bosom. How wise the counsels, how strong the resolutions, she imparted to her aunt! Fragile as her frame was, fleeting as her existence, there was *strength* ordained from her lips that might have subdued and stilled many a worldling and unbeliever. But I must not enlarge. All that knew her glorified God in her. You especially did, and will ever do so. It is much to have been the father of one who was so eminent a child of God, and whose brief memoir is likely to be a source of instruction and improvement to very many."

The Rev. JAMES SPENCE, A.M., of Oxford, writes:—

"I am truly glad that a memoir of your dear Eliza is in course of preparation. It cannot

fail to be intensely interesting. I remember having read in my childhood, once and again, "Janeway's Tokens for Children," with much interest; but I do not think any of the narratives possess that interest and attraction which belong to the case of your dear departed child. Never, so far as I can remember, have I read the memorials of a child so wise, so intelligent, so devoted, for her years. Never have I known such another. It is now just twelve months since I saw her, and she was then ill. I do not think that at that time you had begun to entertain serious fears as to the probable issue of her illness; but her appearance, the hectic flush, the hollow cheek, the decaying strength, deeply impressed Mrs. S. and myself with the conviction that she would soon be removed from this world to a better. I need not tell you how much interested I was in the dear child from the first moment I saw her; and as year after year passed over her head the interest *increased*. This is not always the case, as you know, in reference to children. To be sure there was every thing about her to interest any one, but her strong

childish fondness for me, her almost daily visits to my study while I was in Huntly, her expression of affection, and the warmth of her very youthful caresses, gave *me* a *peculiar* interest in her, attaching me to her as I never was attached to a child before, so that now I ofttimes think of her decease with tears. But towards the close of her brief existence, it was not merely her engaging manners, nor her sparkling eye, nor her lively talk, nor her great intelligence, that drew the fondness of Christian friends around her; it was her deep piety, her love to God, to his word and to his people, her strong yet simple confidence in Jesus, and her warm interest in his cause, which were so beautiful, and so wonderful in a child of such tender age. All these, which have been developed and exhibited more fully since I left Huntly, clearly marked her as a lamb of the Redeemer's fold. The memorials of her illness with which your dear sister has favored me are full of sacred interest. The questions asked, the remarks made, the sentiments expressed, the answers given and the feelings evinced, are all evidently from a soul

that enjoyed a large measure of the heavenly grace and was ripening fast for glory. As I have said before, so I may say again, that in reference to her religious experience, she was an astonishing child, and from it many older Christians might learn lessons of truth and duty.

"If I may judge from the delight with which our Sabbath school children have received some accounts of her—and this I think is a very fair criterion—I doubt not a memoir of your dear Eliza, as it must be interesting, will be well received, and be very useful."

The Rev. JOHN RENNIE, A.M. of Culsalmond writes:—

"I think you are laudably employed in getting up a memoir of your dear Eliza; it will at once embalm her memory, and reiterate the cry 'All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, and the

flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.'

"From all that I ever saw or knew of Eliza Scott Ross, I must say that she appeared to me to be eminent for her early wisdom and piety. No doubt she partook of the common corruption of human nature; but this seems early to have been counteracted and subdued by a Divine hand, in connection with her being early trained in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' In her case the graces of the Christian character were ripened and matured to a degree beyond what it has been my privilege to witness in any of the same age; indeed, I could not help thinking, at times, that she was rapidly preparing for a higher state of existence. Nor can I suppose that amidst the ineffable light of heaven, she feels any regret that 'her sun went down while it was yet day.' 'For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain.'

"The general impression produced on my mind from all I saw or heard about Eliza was, that she had the simplicity of a child, the piety of a saint, and almost the wisdom of a sage."

The Rev. ALEXANDER NICOLL, of Rhynie, writes:—

"April 7, 1847.

"If 'receiving the truth in the love of it,' be evidence of one's having been born from above, then this evidence was strikingly manifested by your late daughter. Her love to the truth was always strong from the time that she knew it; but, from several conversations with her during her last illness, I could not but perceive that her love to the precious truths of the word of God was growing exceedingly. Other books were valued; but as the spirit loosed its hold of earthly things, it seemed to seize more tenaciously those things that are divine, until she, who was wont to be fond of *books*, became emphatically a child of one book, and that book the Bible, the book of God.

"The Christian may give part of his time to the acquisition of secular knowledge; he may make himself familiar with the arts and sciences; he may have his favorite walks in the paths of literature; but, whatever may be his stores of information, however highly culti-

vated his mind and refined his taste, when overtaken by death he forgets all and holds fast the truth as it is in Jesus. Here the aged Christian and the young disciple become one—one in 'the love of the truth.'

"The tenderness of conscience, the high regard to veracity, and the fear of temptation, evinced by Eliza, were pleasing evidences that she had been taught, by the Lord himself, to see the evil of sin and the beauty of holiness. The ardent desire to be useful to others, and the simple yet ingenious methods adopted by her for this end, even when on her death-bed, could not but have been highly gratifying to every Christian who had an opportunity of seeing her.

"While I most sincerely sympathize with you under your painful bereavement, I cannot but call on you to give thanks to God for the grace bestowed on your child. In her experience we have another proof of the suitableness of the salvation presented to men in the Gospel—a salvation at once adapted to the exigencies of the aged sinner and to the wants of the youthful mind."

The Rev. JOHN HILL, A. M., of Huntly, writes :—

March 29, 1847.

"Regarding your dear departed Eliza, I have no doubt she is with the Lord; and hesitate not to say that, for her years, her advancement in Scripture knowledge was great. You know her superior advantages, and how she, especially latterly, prized them. As I firmly believe you will state nothing but truth to Mr. Mann, it could serve no purpose my enlarging further."

Another friend writes :—

"The few times I saw Eliza during her illness, I was startled as it were amid the earthiness of my nature, and the earthliness of my engagements, as if I had been in the presence of one already within the precincts of the heavenly city; certainly I was in the presence of one whose spirit was vastly more conversant with heavenly than with earthly realities."

The following paper was written by a friend immediately on his return from a visit to Eliza.

It was given to her aunt shortly after the decease of the child; and as it describes what occurred at one of the visits, with a reference to which I began this long letter, it will not only illustrate the other testimonials, but bring us again to the proper order of this memoir.

"Memorandum, dated 28th May, 1846.

"I have this evening," writes Mr. H., "seen dear Mr. Ross' little daughter Eliza. She had a Bible in her hand; another was given to me.

"Mr. Ross then requested her to converse freely, which she said she would do, if left *alone* with me.

"This done, I asked her what she had been reading to-day? She said she had read all the Book of the Revelation, but did not understand it all; and that there were many beautiful things there she liked very much.

"*I asked her to tell me some of them*, when she at once referred me to chapter 2: verses 7, 11, 24, 27, and 28: also to chapter 3: verses 5, 12, and 21. I then turned up the passages and read them.

"While talking of the Book of the Revelation, she said, 'I get more good by reading a

whole book at once than by reading a chapter to-day, and a chapter tomorrow; for I many times think reading a single chapter is like leaving chapel in the middle of the service without waiting to hear the end of the sermon.' She also quoted Hosea 2 : 19, 20. 'These passages,' she said, 'have often comforted me.'

"After conversing some time on the love of God, and repeating consolatory texts, I said to her, 'Then, Eliza, you are not afraid to die?'

"Mildly and humbly she replied, 'No; I am not afraid to die.' 'The Scripture speaks of death as sleep,' said she, cheerfully; 'and I never know when I fall asleep, for it comes I do not know how. But that is not the reason why I am not afraid to die. I hope I will go to heaven when I die.'

"'Then,' said I, 'my dear, we read in Scripture, that those whom God has renewed and sanctified, should be ready to give *a reason* of the *hope* that is in them, with meekness and fear. What makes you hope you will go to heaven when you die?'

"Her answer, which was given without any hesitation, I think I shall never forget. It

was *this*, and is given precisely in her own words:—'I read in the Scriptures that God is a God of love. I have found twenty-seven texts in the Psalms which prove that God is love; and there are many more that prove it. The *whole Bible* proves it!'

"She then quoted several other appropriate texts of Scripture, which I forgot; adding with great emotion, 'In the New Testament it is told that God is love. Yes; God so loved sinners that he sent Jesus Christ to die for them, and save them. He has said that all who love Jesus shall be saved; and I DO love him, I DO trust in Jesus for all my salvation. Therefore, I hope I will go to heaven when I die.'

"After some further conversation, I said, 'Do you ever sin now, my dear, after God has been so kind and gracious to you?'

"It seemed to me as if she felt pain on my putting this question; but she instantly replied, 'Yes; I do sin. I sin every day. I am not so patient as I ought to be, under my sickness. I am often cross, and grieve for it afterwards; and *then do it again!*'

"We then spoke of the love of God, and his willingness to save sinners, on which she said, 'All do not love Jesus; for, if they did, all would be saved.'

"This, and much more, she said to me; but the physician calling put an end to our conversation, and I went away. I shall never forget this delightful interview."

Dear children! *think*, and *pray* to God, after reading the above, and you shall know more hereafter.

LETTER VII.

"Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps."

DEAR CHILDREN,

From the moment when any one knows that he or she is *soon* to die, to that in which the last struggle comes, every hour must be intensely solemn. To be sick, and to *hope to be*

well again, is one thing :—*to know that one's sickness is* "*unto death*," is another.

Such time passed *alone*, or only with a nurse, or with a devout friend, must be serious indeed. It seems as if one must then be every moment saying, "What shall I say, or do, or think, until 'the Lord cometh?'" It must be like waiting in the hall, expecting every moment to behold a door open, and to hear Death, God Almighty's messenger, say, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!"

You will wish to know how Eliza spent this solemn time; and I may tell you.

1. In trying to bear her sickness, and weakness, and fever, and cough, and faintings, with as much patience as she could. Her sufferings often deeply grieved her kind friends, and sometimes they would express their sorrow that those sufferings were so severe. To this she would answer, "No, not severe! it is the will of God! He will not leave me comfortless, nor inflict more than I am able to bear." When sorely pressed with cough and fever, she would, after a pause, remark, "Papa says

I am fighting the good fight of faith," but it was never said as if she were proud.

2. She was anxious to remember, and be sorry for, her sins before the Lord. She took low ground about her own character, her language being that of the publican in the Gospel, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" It appeared to her, as it really is, an awful thing to die, and go to judgment. She tried to find out and repent of her faults, that she might obtain pardon; and she tried to "come unto God," through Christ, for this solemn purpose.

3. Much of her time was spent in praying to God, and in reading the Holy Scriptures and other religious books. What a privilege it is for a *dying* child to be able to read well, and to have good books to read! Before this, as you have been told, Eliza had read much of a general, and, for an infant, even of a learned character—she was fond of studying the Encyclopædia itself; but an Encyclopædia is often a safer guide for this world than for the next. Now, when she was on her death-bed, Mr. Ross, who had often thought she

read too much before, once brought some of the books she had formerly prized so much; but her taste for such reading was gone. She just glanced at them, and then, turning them aside, said, "They are not food for my soul—I have lost all relish for them now."

Forty-eight little books were procured for her from the Tract Society, which, as I hope you know, has published many books that are just fit either for a living, or a dying child to study. Eliza read the forty-eight all through. She read them twice over—and then she read them once again.

The last reading was not for herself alone—yet, you must not think harshly of her because, this once, she read for others more than for herself. The child thought that her friends would read them for her sake: and so she read them this last time to see which would best suit the several persons to whom she was about to give them.

Her next business was to choose passages of Scripture throwing light on each separate tract. These Scripture references, sometimes six or eight in number, she carefully marked

on a slip of paper, attaching it to the book, along with her own name, and that of the person to whom the tract was to be given. In fixing on the best tract for each person, Eliza showed more knowledge of character than could have been expected in so young a child, and also much judgment in the choice of her Scripture references. It was obvious, that with a constant remembrance that she was "appointed to die," she yet was not hurried; for she not only calmly wrote the passages, but committed them to memory.

For several weeks this proved to her a most refreshing exercise. It more than beguiled many an hour of her waiting on the brink of the grave. With the Bible in her hand, and "Concordance" by her side, the little laborer would receive no other help; but whenever it was offered, she would say, "It must be my own work; if you were to help me, it would not be my work."

On giving out the first tract, she said, rather playfully, "Well! I have just forty-eight tracts, but am sure that I have more than forty-eight friends!" And so it ap-

peared; for some one or other was always paying some mark of attention to her. The books were soon dispersed among her friends and acquaintances.

4. Another employment of this dying child was the collecting of instances of conversion, as she met with them in her reading—especially of the conversion of *young* persons. These she classified and arranged under different heads—as, "European children," "Heathen children," &c., &c. She had one column for "Adults, without any particular distinction."

One of these little papers was endorsed, or written on the outside, "Psalm 22: 27, 28. All the ends of the world shall remember, and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the Governor among the nations."

She marked down, *in numbers*, the conversions she met in *each day's* reading; and, in a short time, they amounted to thousands. If in one thing she seemed to boast, it was in announcing to her father and friends the addi-

tions she was making, day by day, to her list of converts. Her eyes glistened every time she told of them. Had she been finding bits of money, she could not have looked more glad;—it is thought she would not have looked *so* glad as she often did when she said, "Dear papa! to-day I have found ten (or twenty, or as the case might be) conversions! It makes me so glad!"

Eliza began this employment herself, and in it she received no help—only she would ask the opinions of others on the *reality* of any conversion of which she felt doubtful; and then would mark it accordingly. When she felt a little better, it was a very especial delight to her to read of conversions; and when she felt more than usually ill, she still loved to refer to them. Her bed was quite strewed with little magazines, books of anecdotes, &c., which she had gathered for this purpose. One day, while exulting over the conversions she had been reading, she said, "Oh! I may well rejoice! for there has been joy in heaven over every one of them."

Her father once inquired, "if she reckoned *herself* in her list of converts?"

She replied, "No! not till I die, and go to heaven!" "But," she immediately added, "there is no fear but people will be happy here, and go to heaven when they die, if they are once truly converted."

5. In her dying chamber, this dear little girl much delighted in the writing of texts of Scripture, which she called her "Favorite passages:" intending them as a legacy and mark of regard for her friends. In this manner she spent a portion of every day for many weeks. She used to say, "The passages are ALL so beautiful, I know not which to select." In the "Concluding Paper" of this little book you will find one of the long lists entirely collected by herself—only Eliza, from weakness, was not able to manage her pen for some time before she died, and therefore some of the texts were written with her pencil, but always with her own hand, feeble and trembling as it had become.

6. It was not, however, only in thoughts, and feelings, and sayings, and writings, that

Eliza was employed in her last sickness. She was anxious to "do the will of God,"—to do it "from the heart." The practical duties to which she had in some measure attended while in health, became dearer to her than ever. In regard to the observance of the Sabbath day,—when, from her entire confinement to the house, and inability to walk even there, her days, to *outward* appearance, were nearly all alike—there was an *intention* and *effort* for the especial sanctifying of that day. A few weeks previous to her decease, her father was carrying her across the parlor to give her that relief which change of posture affords to sufferers who have long been compelled to sit or lie in one position. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and she was expecting to be carried to her bed-room in a short time, when, in a feeble whispering voice, she accosted her parent, "Dear papa! I am very sorry the Sabbath is done." "Sorry!" said her father; "Why are you sorry? *Every day* is a Sabbath to you now: your religious exercises are always the same." "Yes!" she replied, "that is true; but I

love the Sabbath, just *because it is God's own day;* and I always feel sorry when it is over."

For five months during her fatal illness, this little girl was never able to go to church upon the Sabbath, but she was anxious to spend the holy day with more than usual religious solemnity at home; and to hear, through those who *had* been to the house of God, the subjects on which the minister had there discoursed. Even when she became so feeble as only to write, *on other days*, with the *pencil*, she would have the *pen* on *Sundays*, to write in her little book the texts which had been considered in the house of God. This habit she continued till the very last Sabbath—yes, even when her sight became so imperfect that she could scarcely see, and her trembling hand so feeble that she could not always guide the pen to form her letters aright. Of course, it could, in one sense, be of little real difference whether she wrote those texts with the *pencil* or the *pen;* but the child *meant* to show a respect to the word and to the house of God. This could not but be a habit which her friends would admire, though often, in her

trembling condition, it brought the briny tears into their eyes, as they observed her.

The next Letter will mention some other employments in which this "wise virgin" was engaged, after she had first heard the cry, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!"

LETTER VIII.

"How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

DEAR CHILDREN,

I am now to tell of how Eliza thought and felt, and of what she said and did, within three weeks of her decease.

By this time she was so low, that often she could scarcely speak. When pressed with the cough, she could not indeed speak at all; and afterwards she could only whisper—but then she would whisper, "Pray! pray!"

In a longer quiet she would say, "Pray for patience!—for present relief!" and when she became a little better, she would utter some kind words in thankfulness to those who were trying to help her in these dying hours. When people are very very ill, they *do* give—they cannot help giving—much trouble; and when friends, or patient servants, continue to be very kind after long continued loss of rest, they *ought* to be thanked by those whom they so greatly serve.

The child was yet happy—though she suffered so much. She would ever gently reprove her friends if they uttered one word, which she supposed to mean that the good God was permitting her to be tried above measure. Still she would say, "It is the will of God! *not* severe! God is good! He doeth all things well! He will not leave me comfortless, nor inflict upon me more than I can bear."

One day, a Christian friend finding her very weak, said, "I must not speak to disturb her." She answered, "Well! but you will pray for me:" adding, "I am willing to live for *years in this state*, if it be the will of God."

Noisy children would be playing around the house; and this was thought to annoy her: but she said, "Let them alone! I like to see them happy; but I am *much happier* than they are."

On one occasion, after a severe attack, she was favored with such a view of her REDEEMER'S *sufferings* as she had not enjoyed before. Then she said, "I never understood Christ's sufferings so well—how they could atone for my sins: but I see it *now*. I *know* He will save me; I know He will save me! I see it now." She appeared, however, to want words to tell her love to Jesus, and her gratitude that He should have *died for her sins;* but passages of Scripture were recalled to her memory, by which, and by pious hymns, she gave vent to her joyous feelings.

This token of her Saviour's love she frequently afterwards referred to; but she was soon favored with another season of peculiar enjoyment. Then it might be again said, that "her fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

At this time she was suffering severely from

fever; but, as usual, she said, "Pray! pray!" after a short pause, adding, in great delight, "He that asketh receiveth!—the Scriptures cannot be broken!—Heaven and earth may pass away; but my word shall not pass away!"

An attendant said, "According to your faith be it unto you." She replied, "Hold fast your faith! I have enjoyed more in these few minutes than I can tell!—more than *all my sufferings* since my illness began!"

In a short time, however, she said, "My sweet feelings are gone." And the dear child was as much surprised and overwhelmed by the temporary loss, as many an aged Christian has been, before and since, from the very same causes. *The light*, however, came again and again, and many times afterwards.

Once, after saying sweet things which her friends hoped to remember (but which, like millions of other beautiful words uttered by other children of the Lord on similar occasions, were lost amidst the holy and solemn excitements of those who listened to them), Eliza repeated the following stanzas. They were said with such solemnity and emotion

as will endear the lines to the memory of those who heard them :—

"Fix my heart and eyes on thine;
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine,
Is a heaven begun on earth.

Trifles can no longer move;
Oh! I tread on all beside,
When I feel my Saviour's love,
And remember how he died.

Now, my search is at an end,
Now my wishes rove no more;
Thus my moments I would spend,
Love, and wonder, and adore."

Again, it must be remarked that it was not only, in thoughts and feeling that the dying days of this little child were spent; nor were her cares exclusively employed in the endeavor to glorify the Lord for herself. She wished that all whom she saw, and, in short, that all mankind, should be saved.

In health, she had been a subscriber to more than one of the provincial associations of the London Missionary and other Christian Societies; but now, on the pillow where she was to breathe her last, these became dearer to her. The kindness and, perhaps, the

example of friends had before induced her occasionally to give away a Bible; but now when she gave one she would urge the receiver to a serious consideration of its contents; and, not satisfied with her personal endeavors alone, she induced a few young friends in her dying chamber, to form a little juvenile association for the giving of Bibles to the poor.

Eliza had long read the missionary intelligence. I have told you that she had twice regularly gone through "WILLIAMS'S Missionary Enterprises;" and ever afterwards she had much love for that sort of reading. Every month she used to look for the "Evangelical" and other magazines, *on purpose* to read about the missionaries; and, when leaving the world, it seemed as if she cared more for its true welfare than ever she had done. Only a few days before her death, she had much happiness in seeing the three Chinese youths brought to Britain for education by the Rev. Dr. LEGGE. They had often been to visit her before, and, however weak, she always loved to see them, because she hoped they would become missionaries, and preach the Gospel to their country-

men. On the last occasion one of them repeated to her "The Lord's Prayer" in the Chinese language; and *that*, you know, would include the Chinese translation of "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!" How nice it must have been to hear a Chinese boy say what she knew meant this! So, also, it must have been sweet to think of "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen."

LETTER IX.

"When my sorrows most increase,
Then the strongest joys are given;
Jesus comes with my distress,
And agony is heaven."

DEAR CHILDREN,

For eight days before the decease of Eliza, it often seemed as if the coming hour must be her last. She was now greatly concerned that

others should pray for her, as well as to pray for herself. "God," she said, "is the hearer of prayer. He has often answered my prayers; and I am sure He will hear those who pray for me, too."

Sometimes she comforted herself in trying to remember and to call over the names of Christian friends, on whom she believed she might rely that they would not forget her when before the "throne of grace." Still, however, she continued to pray for her own soul, in the name of Jesus.

About this time it seemed to be a sweet thought to her own mind, and she often mentioned it for the comfort of her friends, that the dead "in Christ" are *safe;* safe, not only from other evils, but also from the danger of falling into sin. She often consoled her mourning relatives by suggesting that "if she were spared in the world, she might yield to temptation, and lose her soul; but that if she died *now*, they would be sure she had gone to heaven." The frequently-expressed fear of falling "into temptation," induced her to suppose that this view of the case *ought* to

comfort them, and prevent them from regretting her departure.

The Holy Scriptures were now dearer to her than they ever were before. Her feebleness, indeed, caused it to be much later in the day before she could fully attend to the entire portions of the Bible-reading she had, in order, marked out for herself; but she would attend to as much as she was able, returning to it again and again, and reading or hearing *a little at a time*, till the usual portions had been brought before her, and deliberately considered.

To a friend who called one day, and expressed surprise at seeing her so cheerful, the child sweetly said, "It is no wonder,—I am always so happy."

Next day she gave a like answer to the messenger sent by a lady from a distance to make inquiries about her. The person was told to say that the child became weaker and weaker, but that her mind was as happy as when the lady had seen her about two months before. Eliza, however, looked up, and with much placidity said, "Yes! still more so."

About three days before her decease, Eliza afforded another illustration of what people call "the ruling passion, strong in death." She had always appeared to detest a lie; and in those searchings of heart of which, in this solemn season, she was often the subject, the endeavor to deal faithfully with her own heart in this point was very obvious. It was believed that she had never uttered an intentional falsehood, and this was not a subject on which her friends supposed it necessary to question her. They are, however, well pleased to remember that their own impressions were sustained by the voluntary affirmation of the dying child. "Dearest mamma!" she remarked, "If I had ever told a lie, I would confess it now."

An anecdote, entitled "The Exeter Sabbath School Scholars," afforded her exquisite delight at this time. The writer of the anecdote, after describing other parts of a long and beautiful conversation held by the Rev. Samuel Kilpin with the Sabbath scholars, on the twenty-eighth verse of the eleventh chapter of Matthew, states, that the minister, "perceiving the atten-

tion of all the children fixed upon him," said, "Now then, every one of you, tell me *in turns*, WHAT YOU THINK OF HIM,"—meaning the Lord Jesus—"who, in this text, says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.'"

The first said, "I think, sir, He is an able Saviour;" the next, "A willing Saviour;" others, "a gracious Saviour;" "a ready Saviour;" "a justifying Saviour;" "the ever-blessed Saviour;" "a sanctifying Saviour;" "a Saviour that is God and man;" "a holy Saviour;" "a righteous Saviour;" "the Saviour of all that come unto God by him;" "an indulgent Saviour;" "a meek Saviour;" "a dying Saviour;" "a risen Saviour;" "a blessed Saviour;" "a pleading Saviour;" "an all-sufficient Saviour;" "a prayer-hearing-and-answering Saviour;" "a faithful Saviour." At last, one little boy exclaimed, with much seriousness, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

When Eliza heard this anecdote, she could only speak in a whisper, but she begged her father to copy it, as the book in which it was

printed was not her own, and she wished it to be sent home.

The paper she kept carefully beside her; and on the next morning she said, "Oh! what a happy night I have had, thinking about 'The Exeter Sabbath School Scholars, who gave such beautiful answers about the blessed Jesus!"

The latter part of the anecdote gave Eliza much delight; not only did it dwell upon her still vigorous mind, but even employed her pen—within two days of her death.

Perhaps she had not read that good book, entitled, "The Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity," by the Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland; but in musing on the discreet answers of these Exeter children, she seems to have been directed to a similar train of thought, and to have recollected that the revealed attributes of Christ are also the revealed attributes of God. This thought dwelt sweetly on her spirit, now that she was so near to the eternal world.

She seemed to feel that God the Father and the Son were entitled to *equal* honors, and as the Exeter scholars had spoken of

CHRIST as "an able Saviour, a willing Saviour, a gracious Saviour," and so forth, she would set herself to write of THE FATHER in the same way as the Sabbath school children had spoken of the ever-blessed SON.

Pen and ink, at her request, were given to her; but they were in this case supplied with extreme reluctance; for, though it is *now* pleasing to remember her holy ardor, it was *then* very distressing to friends to witness her exertions. In her dying state, fond relatives could not easily refuse her request; and yet it was with difficulty they could look on, while, supported by pillows, she wrote in characters still legible, though very imperfect, some titles of that Great Being before whom she was soon to appear. Using similar language to that employed by the Exeter Sabbath Scholars, she wrote,

"A gracious God;"
"A holy God;"
"A righteous God," &c.;

Concluding with "A long-suffering God;" and after this she never wrote again.

On the day preceding her decease, Eliza appeared to be easier than for many days before. It *is* so, sometimes, when death is very near. Being supported as usual, she sat up while her father read the second chapter to the Romans, and made a few remarks upon it. She seemed pleased, and said, "Oh! what a splendid chapter!"

After this, the father offered prayer to God, that HE might comfort and support his child while passing through the dark valley of death; on which she whispered to her aunt, "He *does* comfort me! He *will*, He *will* support me!" Her countenance beamed with heavenly delight while she uttered these words; and no one who saw her could doubt but her heart was kept in perfect peace, because it was stayed on God. It was, indeed, a solemn and impressive scene.

Towards the close of the day, a severe fit of coughing tried her much; and she seemed to suppose that death was very near.

About two o'clock next morning, she said, "I now begin to know what suffering is;"

and again, shortly afterwards, "You little know what I am suffering." Her friends could only answer, "Jesus knows it all, and will give you strength to bear his will. You cannot suffer long."

This soothed her, and once again she fell into a peaceful sleep, though not, even yet, into the "sleep of death."

On waking, she had a sweet foretaste of the heavenly rest for which she now so ardently longed. Several of her remarkable sayings at this time—as is usual in such cases—were lost amid the deep anxieties of those who were around her.

When her father entered the room in the morning, he was, of course, told how ill she had been through the night, on hearing which, the child, though still unable to speak in more than a whisper, summoned all her strength, and said, "Oh! but you don't know what I got last night!" Shortly afterwards she repeated "Oh! you don't know what I got last night!"

This morning she requested that a chapter

should be read from the Bible, as usual, and *in course*, a practice she had followed for years, and which was not omitted on this *the last day* of her life. The chapter being read, she requested a pause; but shortly afterwards said, "Now read another!" This too was read, and it proved to be the last chapter she ever heard on earth. The end of it is, "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Shortly afterwards, within a few hours of her death, the child asked in a whisper that a certain hymn—a favorite with her—should be repeated, saying, "I have learned the three first verses, but not the three last, and *I wish to learn them now!*" They were repeated slowly, the dear dying little girl whispering the words after her aunt; and this (of course, only because of her own request) was done again and again. At length she whispered them without any help.

The following is the hymn alluded to above:—

"Act but the gentle infant's part,
Give up to love thy willing heart;
No fondest parent's melting breast,
Yearns, like thy God's, to make thee blest.

Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe its love can show;
Bid this base servile fear retire,
This task no labor will require.

The Sovereign Father, good and kind,
Wants to behold his child resigned;
Wants but thy yielded heart still more
With his large gifts of grace to store."

The three last verses, whispered and learned by the dying infant, were,

"He to thy soul no anguish brings,
From thy own stubborn will it springs;
But crucify thy stubborn foe,
Nor care nor fear thy breast shall know.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelmed, oppressed,
Th' encumbering load that galls thy rest,
That wastes thy strength in bondage vain:
With courage break th' enthralling chain.

Let prayer exert its conquering power,
Cry in the tempted, troubling hour,
'My God! my Father! save thy son;'
'Tis heard, and all thy fears are gone."

LETTER X.

"Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying:—
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!"

DEAR CHILDREN,

While we are in good health, it may be easy to talk, or sing, or write, about dying; but, even, when the mind is happy, TO DIE is not so easy. The grace of God can, however, prepare us to do even *that*.

After learning that hymn of Luther, of which a translation is printed in the last letter, Eliza suffered much pain, and became very restless. Then she was moved, for change of posture, and in the hope of relieving those parts of the almost skeleton body in which her spirit still

lingered; but the pain and agony became greater than before.

Now she wished that death might come to her relief, and desired friends to pray for her release. She was, indeed, encouraged by a mention of the sufferings of Jesus Christ *for her;* but both in her sorrow and her comfort she said, "Pray! pray!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon, her father was called to take, as was supposed, a last farewell of his dear departing child. He had nursed her in many a storm, had been afflicted in her griefs, and glad in her delights. Over many a mile, by sea and land, and in many an hour in which he had seemed to himself to live almost for her, she had been his little but his lovely companion; and the moment appeared to be now come when they must part company. The child had outrun him in the Christian course, and was about to receive her crown, while he must wait and watch.

Yet, again the little one revived, to say a word for God and godliness. In a great fight of affliction, she lifted a languid eye, and put-

ting her hand on her bosom, exclaimed, "It is all here;" but being once more relieved, she said that was in answer to the prayers of friends. "Pray on! pray on!" she continued, "it will make *yourselves* so happy:" then adding, "as for me, I desire to say, Not my will, O Lord! but *Thine* be done."

She was told that this was a state of mind becoming her situation, that her sufferings could not continue long, and that she would soon enter heaven.

"That," said she, "will be as God pleases. He knows what is best. I am content to wait whatever be His holy and blessed will."

Towards evening, she requested that a hymn might be read to her in the usual course, whispering, "Let us have it *in course*. You know I was always orderly."

Finding that her father, who, in grief had left the room, had again returned, she said, "Oh! that's nice! he will help us to the hymn." One of the verses much impressed her—

"Thousands in this dark world below,
His faithfulness attest:
In worlds above, ten thousands know,
That humble souls are blest."

Eliza whispered, "It is in part accomplished even here."

About half an hour before breathing her last, she desired that the window blinds might be removed, that she might look at the trees once more; but she was instantly seized with a tremor which shook her whole frame.

This, however, gradually passed away, on which she looked sweetly upwards, and said, "He is a dear Saviour!" and presently afterwards, "Oh! I wish I were gone!"

Her aunt replied she soon *would* be gone, that death was at hand.

"But, are you willing to *let* me go?" said the little suffering, rejoicing saint.

She was answered, "Yes, darling, willing—perfectly willing—*to let you go.*"

Her countenance instantly assumed a cheerful aspect; and she said, "Oh! what a relief! How glad I am! *I will never forget it to you!*"

With her lips, Eliza never spake again. She went to dwell with Jesus, and his people. Her last words are supposed to have been intended to repeat what she had expressed before in an early period of her illness—"that she might be able to do her friends some good after her death, for the angels were all ministering spirits; and why not the spirits of those who went to heaven to be servants of Jesus?"

Whether this thought of the child have, or have not, proved correct, we do not pretend to determine. Certain, however, it is, that the holy and happy death of one so very young is instructive to strangers as well as to friends, and in the hope that such an experience may be followed by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall now try to show *how* "she, being dead, yet speaketh."

CONCLUSION.

"Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty,
This will scent like a flow'r when I'm dead."

Thus, dear children, you have been told of the pleasing life and happy death of Eliza Scott Ross, daughter of Thomas Ross, Esq., of Huntly, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. She died 19th of August, 1846 aged eight years and two months; and soon afterwards was buried; but she is not forgotten. Perhaps even *you* will think and talk about her sometimes; and if thoughts of Eliza should help you to love her God, her Saviour, and her Bible, you will have reason to rejoice that you ever read this little book.

I wish her to say only a few more words; and these had better refer to *what the dear child is saying to you now that she is dead.*

I know that she speaks to you, and that you ought to listen to what she says; but, perhaps, by reading and thinking, you will both hear and understand her all the better. If any words that I can write should help you to do so, it would make me so glad.

It is not a *new* thing for people to speak after they are dead. It has occurred many millions of times;—for almost six thousand years, *one* person has been thus speaking. Perhaps you can tell me who that person is. Of course, I mean the first person who died: a person about whom you have, I hope, read and thought a great many times.

"ABEL OFFERED UNTO GOD A MORE EXCELLENT SACRIFICE THAN CAIN; AND BY IT, HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

These words were written by the Apostle Paul, after Abel had been dead near four thousand years. You may be sure that Paul did not mean that Abel could speak with his tongue, as he used to do when he was alive—for that tongue, with every other part

of his body, had long returned to the dust; and no one could tell where Abel had been buried.

Besides, the apostle does not say that Abel yet spake with his tongue; but by what he had thought, and felt, and done in the act of sacrifice to God. The words are "BY IT, he, being dead, yet speaketh."

So, it is plain that the Apostle Paul believed that by their faith, and by their right conduct while they lived, THE PIOUS DEAD DO SPEAK as long as they are remembered. Abel set a good example, an example which showed "that the grace bestowed upon him was not in vain;" and whenever this thing is read or told of him, it is as if he were now himself saying, "Go ye, and do" what I meant when I offered sacrifice—that is, confess your sins, and seek the mercy of God.

Even so this dear little child, although she be dead, "yet speaketh;" and speaks even *to you*. This book is like a voice from her once happy home, and from the chamber where she died, and from the grave where she is buried.

That voice bids you to

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES!

Read the Bible! Think about the Bible! Pray over the Bible! Love the Bible! I do not tell you to *kiss* it, as little Eliza did; yet if you kiss it for the same reason, I would not say "Don't." But, Love the Bible! consider it as a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path. Oh! it will be so sweet if you can have light and love in early life, and a safe end at last. There is only one method by which you can "cleanse your way;" you must "take heed thereunto, according to the word of God." You must "search the Scriptures," for in them is "eternal life."

Read the Bible, as Eliza did, *in order*—at least sometimes. Each psalm is perfect in itself. So, often, is a single verse in the Proverbs; and there are few parts or passages of the word of God which may not do you good when considered by themselves; but you will be better able to enjoy *the parts*, by also reading the Scriptures as a *whole*, and by often

thinking of an entire chapter, book, or gospel, or epistle.

Before we part, I ought to tell some of the *favorite* passages of Eliza Ross. She used to say that *all* was so good that she sometimes did not know where to choose; and yet she *had* her favorite passages too. The following, prepared and marked by her own hand, were written for her friends; but, from this time, some of *you* will perhaps feel as if you were her friends, and so they shall be printed for you. It may be that some of them will become favorite passages with you also; but, "Search the Scriptures," and if you love them as you ought, you will soon have favorite passages of your own.

FAVORITE PASSAGES TO FRIENDS.

"Job 5: 6, 7; Ps. 17: 7; Ps. 18: 2, 7; Ps. 25: 6, 7, 18, 22; Ps. 26: 3; Ps. 31: 16, 21; Ps. 32: 7, 10; Ps. 33: 18; Ps. 37: 8, 17, 19; Ps. 36: 5, 7, 10; Ps. 40: 9, 10, 11; Ps. 41: 11; Ps. 42: 8; Ps. 45: 7: Ps.

47 : 4 ; Ps. 51 : 1 ; Ps. 53 : 8 ; Ps. 56 : 1 ; Ps. 57 : 1 ; Ps. 59 : 10, 16, 17 ; Ps. 63 : 3 ; Ps. 69 : 16 ; Ps. 85 : 7 ; Ps. 89 : 1, 2, 5, 8, 33, 49 ; Ps. 92 : 2 ; Ps. 103 : 3, 4, 8, 17 ; Ps. 111 : 75, 76 ; Ps. 119 : 77, 88, 90, 132, 149, 159 ; Ps. 138 : 2 ; Ps. 143 : 8, 11, 12 ; Ps. 145 : 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 ; Ps. 146 : 8 ; Ps. 147 ; 6, 11 ; Prov. 8 : 17 ; Isa. 40 : 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 ; Isa. 63 : 7, 9 ; Jer. 32 : 18 ; Hosea : 2 : 19 ; John 3 : 5, 8, 9, 22 ; John 10 : 1, 18, 25 ; John 14 : 4 ; John, chapters 15, 16, and 17 ; The Acts ; Rom. 3 : 20, 31 ; Rom. 4 : 5, 15 ; Rom. 8 ; Rom. 12 ; 2 Cor. 4 : 17 ; Gal. 5 : 4, 5, 6, 22, 24 ; Eph. 4 : 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 32 ; Col. 1 : 11, 22 ; Rev. 2 : 7, 11, 17 ; Rev. 3 : 5, 12, 21." *

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* To this selection was prefixed, Rev. 2 : 7. The whole paper suggests :

1. The varieties of even well-disposed children. Many of them love the Bible, yet prefer its histories. Here one chiefly refers to its *other* departments—not even noticing, in this place, the seventeen books which precede Job ; but chiefly referring to the doctrinal, the more directly evangelical, and the experimental departments.

2. The remarkable manner in which the Holy Spirit blesses the "Psalms" to the young, as well as to the aged believer.

How comforting it must have been to know so much about the word of God, upon a dying bed; but Eliza *could not* have known and enjoyed so much *then*, if she had not been used to read and love the Bible before. She read it, however, and wrote from it too, as long as she was able; and, while I write, there is lying before me a beautiful proof of her love to

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3. That those who read the Bible as a whole, and prefer to reflect on a book, may yet profit by single verses, sometimes by many single verses in the same chapter.

4. That the most profound books of the holy Scriptures contain passages which a little child may understand and love.

5. That the whole chapters which become dearest in the prospect of death, are those which most directly bring CHRIST before the view of the mind.

6. That the New Testament church history, while it supplies examples for the Christian ministry; while it presents the model of church-polity, and suggests topics of reflection for the profoundest thinkers, is yet a study for a child. Many a bulky volume of "Fathers," &c. &c., might be profitably exchanged for "The Acts," the cherished book of this babe.

7. That the great event to which the aged and the young, alike, are called to look, is a faithful enduring to the end in the service of Jesus Christ. The last passage referred to by the child is the solemn word of Jesus on that important point. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne; even as I also have overcome, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

the Holy Scriptures, in the form of a little paper, written by her own hand, only a very short time before her decease. It is not, indeed written with ink, for her poor trembling hand could not hold a pen then, and therefore she wrote with a pencil. Her eye-sight, too, was much weakened, and she could not always form her letters as she had used to make them before; and yet those on which I am looking are well formed on the whole. They are written between double lines, ruled by herself; and on the outside is inscribed

"THE GARDEN OF THE HEART."

The inside is divided into columns, and headed as in the words which are printed in the next page. The small letters are somewhat below the third of an inch in length, and they all reach the top and bottom of the line, except "ers" in the last column. The d's h's, k's and l's are about twice as long; the capital letters rather higher; and the f's extend above and below the line, so as to reach almost an inch from top to bottom. The

slopes, too, are fairly kept. The following is a copy:—

"FLOWERS AND WEEDS OF THE HEART."

Love	Idolatry
Joy	Hatred
Peace	Wrath
Long-suffering	Strife
Gentleness	Envying
Goodness	Murders
Faith	
Meekness	

Children!—It was the reading of the New Testament which taught Eliza to know the flowers from the weeds of the heart. We hope that the grace of God taught her to love the flowers, and to hate the weeds. Love you, also, the good and hate the evil; then shall you "Bring forth fruit unto holiness, and have the end everlasting life."

II. The life and death of this little girl just say that JESUS CHRIST'S RELIGION IS FIT for VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

In trying to seek and serve the Lord Jesus,

this *child* found much true happiness while in health, and peace upon her dying bed. The gospel teaches what will bless even a baby. It is the means by which the gentle Saviour now "takes little children into his arms," and blesses them. "The New Testament" reveals "Good news" for the young as truly as for the aged;—and good news which they may *understand*, too. Eliza understood the gospel, loved the gospel, was saved by the gospel; and yet Eliza, when she died, was only eight years and two months old! By her blessed experience she speaks now she is dead. It is as if she were saying, in so many words, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord." It is as if David were again saying, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." It is as if God Almighty were saying to mothers, to fathers, to Sabbath school teachers, to all who are trying to bring the little ones to Christ, Go on! go on in that holy work! "In the morning sow

your seed." It may ripen before you are aware. It may be gathered into the garner of the Lord much sooner than you have expected, and gloriously ripened too. To children the voice is, "Be ye followers" of this child, as she was "of Christ."

III. The life and death of the little girl say, "REPENT, and BE CONVERTED, that your SINS may be BLOTTED OUT, when the TIMES of REFRESHING shall come from the presence of the Lord."

This child had no *right* to be so happy if she had not repented, and been converted. The most wicked sinner, young or old, *has* a right to repent and be converted; but no one has a right to be happy in God till he or she has "fled for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel." The gospel was not *meant* to make people happy in their sins, but to declare that "God is faithful and just to pardon our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." That gospel is intended to "turn us from darkness to light, and from the kingdom

of Satan unto God." Such turning is conversion, and nothing short of it deserves the name.

You have been told that Eliza had a long list of converted persons; and many of them were "turned unto God" while they were very young. It was not a bad sign that the dear child wished to avoid being too confident about her own case; but most, if not all of us, would feel some freedom in now saying that she *was* converted. If any child ever was converted, the same way of salvation is open to you; and though you will do well, even if you think you stand, to take heed lest you fall, still it will do you good to examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. "Jesus Christ is in you," unless your case be very bad indeed; and if it be thus bad, marvel not that it is said unto you, "Ye must be born again."

IV. Eliza Ross, though dead, yet says, WORK WHILE IT IS DAY. She can proclaim that the night of death sometimes comes much sooner than people have expected. She says that the night of death may come before the sun of life is even fully risen; that the morn-

ing and the evening may, to some children, be occurring at the same time. It was, in one sense, but the morning of Eliza's life, even when she was dying; and yet it was the evening too—the evening of her days upon the earth. It was, however, her happiness to have the light of the morning and the light of the evening at the same time. It was as if you could see the aurora—the beautiful blushing of light at the earliest dawn of day—and the glories of the setting sun at the same hour; for, not only had she what an effective writer has called "Light in Life's Morning;" * but at the same time she had the comforts of a dying saint. Yes, even in early morn,—

> "When she came nearer, to finish her race,
> Like a fine setting sun she look'd richer in grace;
> And gave a sure hope, at the end of her days,
> Of rising in brighter array."

But all this says to you, Prepare to die! Prepare while you are yet young! You will not die the sooner for preparing to die; but

* See "Light in Life's Morning; or the Features of Piety in childhood." By Rev. S. Martin.

if this child had put away the thoughts of God and salvation till she should be ten years of age, she would not have been saved at all, for she did not live to be ten. She did not even live to be *nine* years of age. To her "the door" would have been "shut," if she had delayed till she should be eight years and three months old. That is a serious thought for little children, and for all who have to do with them. It is very pleasing to think of a dear little girl who seems to have done a good day's work for Jesus Christ before she was eight years and three months old! It is delightful to tell of one who was not only brought to God, as a penitent sinner, but was also enabled to *do* something to show love for the Lord before that early age. She "being dead yet speaketh." She says, Seek pardon, now! Seek "the new heart" now! Honor Jesus now. Go, at once, to your chamber, and ask for the help of the Holy Spirit. Set about some "work of faith," and some "labor of love!" "The night cometh when no man can work." It may come even to a child.

V. This little child, "being dead," says, MIND YOUR LEARNING! Try to be good, and to do good, but try also to be wise. Read! Think! Ask questions! Pay attention to sermons! Listen when people are saying good things! Pray! Do every thing you can to get learning! Learning is a fine thing when it is not the best thing that a child has got. It may help you to obtain much better and holier things than itself. Even the little which this young child had learned, helped her very much. It helped her on her dying bed. It helped her to read and to profit by the Bible then. It helped her to comprehend the helps of older and wiser persons. How much she would have missed if she had not been able to read, to read well and to understand the meaning of words. When in health, she used to refer to, and study, the Dictionary: *who* would have thought she was thus preparing for sickness and death? and yet such was the fact, for a child *could* not have enjoyed what she enjoyed if unable to comprehend *the meaning of words*. We,

who speak and write to children, ought to try to teach them in simple terms, and especially at first; but there are truths, and blessed truths too, which *cannot* be taught without the use of *some* words of a less simple kind. If you live, you will want words for common use, and therefore should learn their meaning; if you are sick, and when you come to die, you will need *as many* of the comforts of the Bible as ever you can get; and some of them must also come through the readings and the remarks of others. A little learning will help you even against that solemn time.

VI. The voice of Eliza's conduct says, "THOU SHALT REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY."

Most likely, her whole character turned on the love of truth, and her regard for the Lord's day. Of the former we have written elsewhere, of the latter a word must be added. If she had not loved the truth, no one would have regarded *what* she said; if she had not loved the Sabbath, she would neither have known,

nor felt, nor said any thing worth making a book about. It was the Sabbath which seemed to give the spring to her religious duties through the week even when she was well. It was in a great measure, what she and her kind friends had learned and experienced on the Sabbath which prepared them for the duties, and trials, and the comforts of the sick and the dying chamber. The voice, therefore, says, "Remember the Sabbath day! Keep it holy, in thought, in word, in deed." The Sabbath rightly used is a preparation for the week, and often for many weeks to come. So far as it gives fresh power to any Christian effort, it helps the means by which we endeavor to make our "calling and election sure." In this light, the observance of the Lord's day has wonderful connection with preparation for a dying bed; and yet, people need not be melancholy, even on the Sabbath. On that day, Eliza used to be serious, but not sad.

Perhaps you will like to read the pretty little song which this dear child used to sing, as she jumped about house on Saturday nights,

to gather up her playthings, and put them away till Monday. She learned it from that pleasing book, "The Memoir of Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan." It would have done the author's heart good to see and hear her sing it; but the poet and the singer are now both gone to be "present with the Lord." If saints in glory know one another, I do think that Eliza must have rejoiced much to meet her dear mother, and perhaps next to her, to meet Mary Lundie Duncan, who had written for children such very pretty lines. Eliza lived in the North of Scotland; I am writing in the South of England, about 700 miles from Huntly; and our Isle of Wight children have not known these pieces so well as I hope they are known in the North; but, after reading these lines, I could not be at rest till I had procured for my own little people the book from which such pretty things could be learned by other children too. It is quite a comfort to tell you that in "Rhymes for Children," adapted for the nursery, and selected from the Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Lundie Dun-

can, you can meet with a number of these pretty things. Some of them are even prettier than the following; the price of the whole is but twopence; and any bookseller can obtain them.

"PREPARING FOR THE SABBATH."

"Haste! put your playthings all away,
Tomorrow is the Sabbath day;
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

Bring me your German village, please!
With all its houses, gates, and trees;
Your waxen doll with eyes of blue,
And all her tea things, bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.

Now, take your Sabbath pictures down,
King David, with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon his day.

There is your hymn-book, you shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn—
Your book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath day."

VII. To fond parents, especially to parents who have but *one* child, here is a voice from an infant's grave.—"The voice said, Cry and I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." Ah! these flowers *will* fade, and often soonest when they are most prized. The voice, therefore, cries, "Set not your affections on things on the earth; where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal."

Yet is there another message—a message of mercy—to be heard from Eliza's grave. *Such* a child cannot be "lost," but only "gone before"—gone before to that place where "in Heaven their angels do always behold the Father of Jesus"—The Child's Friend! The Parents' Friend! The Friend, who, by his own blood, has opened the way of salvation for parents, and for their children. Fond parents! Go to Jesus for yourselves; and suffer your little children to go unto HIM. Then, if

you both live, you will be comforts to each other on the earth; if *you* die, you will know under whose care to intrust your orphan babes; and if your loved ones be taken away, you will not have reason to sorrow "as those that have no hope."